

The Scout



Week ending 9th June 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d

The EDITOR writes

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.
June, 1962.

My Dear Brother Scouts,

I must use my space this month to give you the menus of the Finals of our 3rd National Camp-Cooking Competition which will take place, all being well, on July 14th at Gilwell Park. For I hope that many of you not concerned with the competition may like to try your hand at producing these meals, because Scouts should never just be content to keep on doing what they know they can do, but should be ambitious to reach out to ever wider horizons. Here then are the details

A: Elementary (Teams of 3 Boy Scouts or 2 Boy Scouts and 1 Senior Scout.)

Steamed mince or bacon roll, with brown onion sauce
Two vegetables
Trifle (made and decorated in camp)
Tea

B: Elementary (Teams of 3 Senior Scouts or 2 Senior Scouts and 1 Boy Scout.)

Lamb Cutlets Reforme
Two vegetables
Trifle (made and decorated in camp)
Tea

C: Intermediate (Teams of 3 Boy Scouts or 2 Boy Scouts and 1 Senior Scout.)

Goulash
Two vegetables
Trifle (made and decorated in camp)
*Coffee

D: Intermediate (Teams of 3 Senior Scouts or 2 Senior Scouts and 1 Boy Scout.)

Steak and Kidney Pudding
Baked potatoes in jackets
One other vegetable
Trifle (made and decorated in camp)
*Coffee

E: Advanced (Teams of 3 Boy Scouts or 2 Boy Scouts and 1 Senior Scout.)

Savoury stuffed pancakes
Two vegetables with white sauce
Trifle (made and decorated in camp)
*Coffee

F: Advanced (Teams of 3 Senior Scouts or 2 Senior Scouts and 1 Boy Scout.)

Fried Chicken Maryland Two vegetables
Trifle (made and decorated in camp)
* Coffee
**Coffee must be made from Ground Coffee beans. The use of "Instant" and liquid coffees is not permissible.*

* * * *

We shall not be publishing details of how to prepare and cook these meals I rather feel that in a National Final, competitors should seek out such things for themselves. Nevertheless if any of you do get "stuck", if you write to me, I will try and help you.



Contents

Vol. LVII

No. 50

The Editor Writes
Efficient Cooking Fires
Whitsun Competition
Yesterday's Cars
Herons' Quest
Butterfly Biography
Make a Camp fire Robe
First Class Test in Pictures
Descent of Gaping Gill
Council of Thirteen
Mallory Patrol
A Giant Crossword
Bran Tub
Merlin's Cave

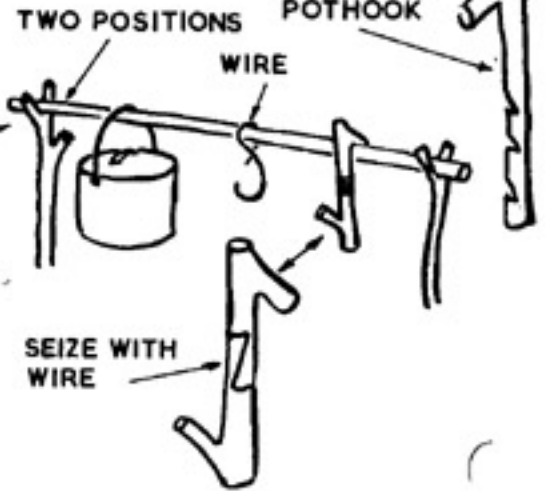
EFFICIENT COOKING FIRES

BASIC FIRE



REMOVE TURF OR USE WASTE GROUND

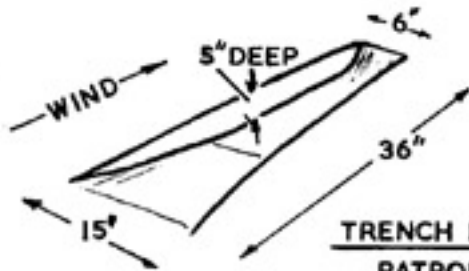
CRANES



TWO POSITIONS
WIRE

POTHOOK

SEIZE WITH WIRE

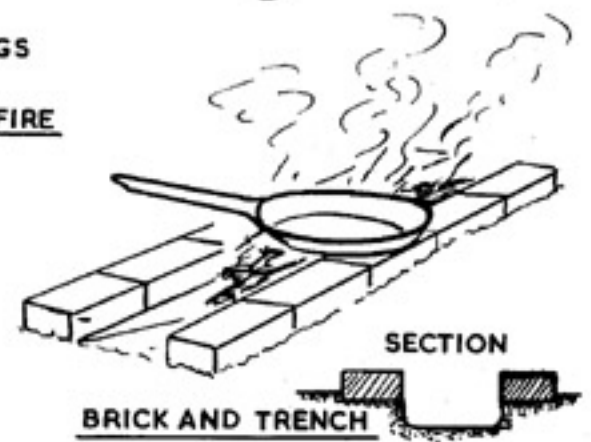


TRENCH FIREPLACE
PATROL SIZE



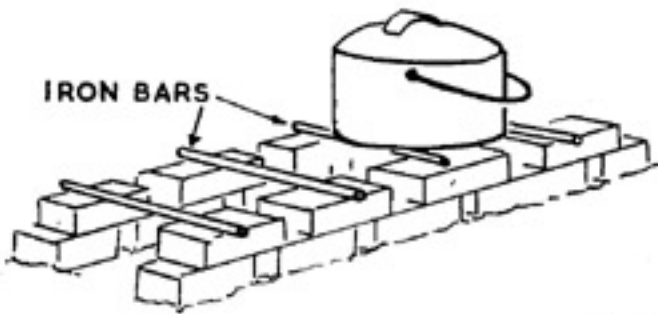
HUNTER'S FIRE

6" LOGS

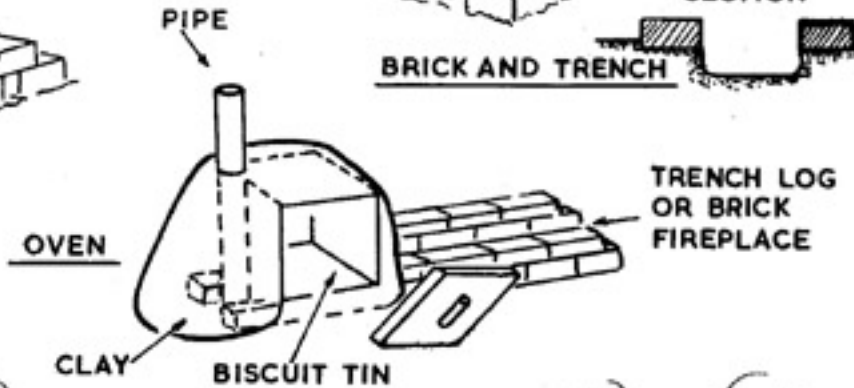


BRICK AND TRENCH

SECTION



BRICKS OR STONES



OVEN

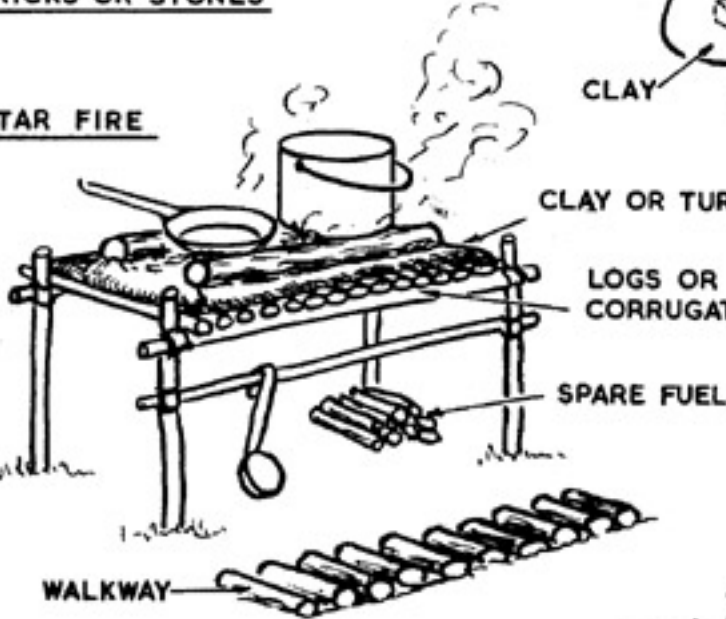
PIPE

CLAY

BISCUIT TIN

TRENCH LOG OR BRICK FIREPLACE

ALTAR FIRE



CLAY OR TURF

LOGS OR CORRUGATED IRON

SPARE FUEL

WALKWAY

REFLECTOR FIRE

KEEP FIRE HIGH
BAKE OR ROAST IN FRONT



TOASTING FORK



FUZZ STICKS, FOR STARTING

A GREAT WHITSUN COMPETITION

WHAT DO YOU LIKE DOING AT SUMMER CAMP?

Choose the seven in the order you'd prefer them.
Write the seven letters on a postcard and send to The Editor,
25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, SW. 1, before 2nd
July, 1962.

* * * *

- A. Opportunity to pass Proficiency Badges.
- B. Free day for you to go where, or do what you like.
- C. Pioneering (bridge building and the like).
- D. Sea or river bathing.
- E. Night games and walks.
- F. A wide ranging Treasure Hunt or Wide Game.
- G. Camp Fires with songs and stories.
- H. Visits to local places of importance or interest.
- I. Opportunities for 2nd and 1st Class Journeys.
- J. All day coach tour with meals laid on at restaurants, etc.
- K. Patrol Competition throughout Camp.

- L. Cricket and/or rounders matches.
- M. A Camp planned round some special interest like caving,
or bird watching or sailing or climbing or angling.
- N. A daily programme of keep fit and other games.

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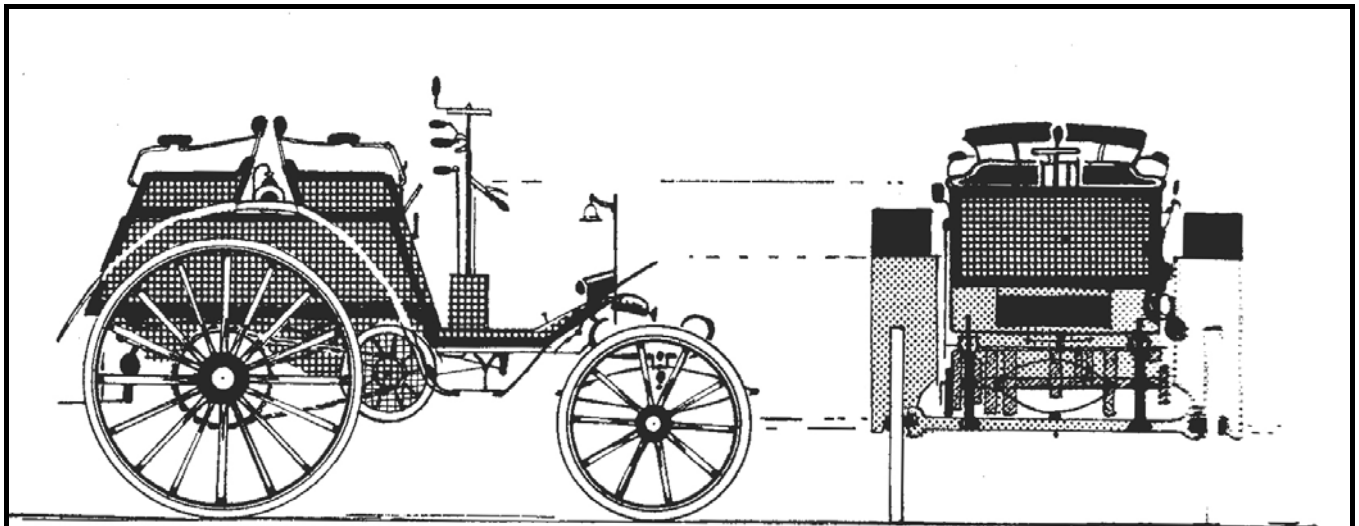
Six prizes of choice of camp gear from the following list for
those who are nearest the popular choice. Fifty copies of *The
Patrol Goes to Camp* as consolation prizes.

All can enter - so get every member of your Troop to send
in a postcard

- Kara Sleeping Bag,
- Bleuet S200 stove;
- Sandvic Bow Saw;
- Snowdon High Pack Rucsac;
- Nylon Anorak;
- San Remo Cooking Set;
- Gilwell Hike Tent.

YESTERDAY'S CARS (11)

By Ray Evans



BENZ (1898)

Germany

Despite its old dogcart appearance this car
was remarkably reliable for its day. It is
3½ h.p. Belt driven, two speed and chain
final drive. Four separate brakes.

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: *Due to an outbreak of chicken-pox and their S.M. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. As a substitute a treasure hunt type of expedition is enthusiastically welcomed. Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor the Owl's Tenderfoot combine to make preparations. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who is also a Scout, may join them. After solving various codes which give the clues for the initial instructions, the boys complete their arrangements. The boys obtain permission to camp for the night in a paddock it is then discovered Carl has lost the poles for his hike tent. While obtaining two straight boughs from the nearby wood, Carl disappears after volunteering to fetch the hand axe. Trevor finds a blood-stained handkerchief and is certain Carl has met with an accident. Reaching the camp-site they find Carl asleep in a tent that is already pitched. Berny decides to obtain a flashlight photo of an owl. Some hours later he returns to the camp-site and surprises an intruder behind the tent in which Pip and Mac are asleep. In escaping the intruder slips into a muddy ditch. The following morning he discovers one of Carl's shoes and stockings caked with mud. Later Pip discovers he has lost the vital treasure map.*

CHAPTER SIX IN THE WET

ALTHOUGH THE THREE of them knew that it was a hopeless task, Mac, Pip and Berny searched the tent systematically. The three rucsacs were turned out and their contents minutely examined, the groundsheets were removed and shaken, even sleeping bags, which had been hung on a line to air, were pulled inside out. But they found nothing. The treasure map had vanished.

"You must have dropped it on the way here," said Mac. "Probably on the 'bus..'"

But Pip interrupted him. "You know that's not possible. The map was in the front pocket of my rucsac; I put it there directly I came out of the hut. And I never touched my rucsac again until we pitched camp last night. If I dropped it anywhere, I dropped it in this field and, what's more, within a yard of our tent."

Berny suddenly snapped his fingers.

"Christmas ! But it c-can't have been . . . Still, I suppose it might."

"What's bitten you?" asked Mac crossly.

"Carl!" Berny stared at him, frowning. "Last night when I came back from my owl - the chap who was p-prowling round in the dark.. . And Carl's shoe was muddy . . ."

"You're not suggesting . . ." Pip paused, looking towards the deserted hike tent in the corner of the paddock. "But why on earth should Carl want to pinch the map? Anyway, he'd have had to come right into our tent and search through our rucsacs; I'd have heard him."



Mac gave a short laugh. "Last night you wouldn't have heard an atomic explosion, neither would I. As soon as we were inside our sleeping bags we were both dead to the world. He could have done it all right."

"Yes, but why.."

"Probably out of spite - or maybe it was a twisted sense of humour. I wouldn't put anything past our Carl. Anyhow, I'm jolly well searching their tent before they come back. You go to the woods Berny, and give a shout if you hear them coming."

"Well, in-mind you put everything back so that they don't know you've done it," said Berny. "I don't like the idea of prying into their stuff - isn't Scouty. W wouldn't it be better to tackle Carl to his face?"

But Mad dismissed the suggestion with a gesture of contempt.

"I wouldn't trust him an inch; he'd never own up."

Pip said, "You're prejudiced; Carl's not so bad. Anyway, it won't be in his tent; if he really took the map he'll be carrying it about with him."

But Mac was insistent. With Berny posted in the wood and Pip acting sentinel in the paddock, he crawled hurriedly into the hike tent and began searching through the clothes which were strewn untidily about the groundsheet.

"Of all the messy beggars! Can't even take the pins out of their blankets, let alone hang them on a line. Honestly, it's dis -"

A piercing whistle sounded from the direction of the trees. Mac shot out of the tent backwards, cannoning into Pip who was thrown, sprawling, across his back. He heard a guy rope snap and the crack of the branch which served for pole and which had already been lashed where it had previously broken; the canvas enveloped them, tangling their arms and legs.

"For crying out loud! Pip, you're breaking my spine! Get off me, can't you?"

"Well! well! well!" Mac flung aside the canvas to meet the grinning countenance of Carl who was standing above them, his hands in his pockets. "You are a clumsy pair! Jolly decent of you to think of tidying our tent for us, but next time do be a bit more careful."

Pip, flushed and embarrassed, said "Actually, Carl, we were looking for something."

But Carl brushed aside his explanation with a gesture. "You'll have to get another branch, Mac; that's the second time that one's snapped. And stick the blanket pins in my rucsac when you've got the airing line fixed, won't you? I suppose you meant it for a surprise your good turn, what. Sorry I wandered in before you'd finished the job. I'll buzz off again - let you get on with it . . ."

"We were not tidying up for you." Mac bit his lip, restraining his annoyance. "We were looking for the treasure map; we've lost it."

"Lost it?" There was dismay on Carl's features. "But isn't that jolly careless of you? I mean ... Well, what are we going to do without the map?"

"Why were you out of bed last night - messing round our tent? Berny saw you?"

"Me out of bed?" Carl's expression of dismay turned to one of incredulity. "My dear dope, Berny must have been dreaming. Or was it a nightmare - all that corned beef he ate for supper? You know we were all dog tired. What on earth makes you think I was playing round the field all by myself in the moonlight?"

Mac, reddening, said "Berny saw -"

"Berny had a nightmare." Carl turned away and strode towards the woods.

Berny joined them, vaulting the fence and running across the grass.

"Didn't you hear my whistle? Why ever did you let him see you? He dodged behind our tent and tripped over one of the guys. You had masses of time to get clear."

"He went to our tent?" Mac frowned. "I wonder what's on your mind?" asked Pip, mystified.

But Mac was striding towards the tent and when they caught up with him he was bending to go through the flaps. Pip saw him pull back the groundsheet and heard his cry of triumph.

"Got it!" He was holding a square of folded paper. "It was tucked under the groundsheet and it's not even damp, so it can't have been there any time at all. Besides, we all searched, didn't we? We had the ground-sheet right out and it wasn't there then."

Pip leaned forward to snatch the paper from him, but before he touched it he recognised what it was.

"The treasure map! Thank goodness for that!"

Berny said, "But why? Why pinch it, if that's what Carl did, and then put it back where we're bound to find it?"

Mac snorted. "Probably got cold feet. It must have been Carl; no one but Carl could have put it there. What's the next move, Pip?"

Pip glanced towards the hike tent. Carl had returned, unpinned his blankets and hung them on the nearby fence;

now he was rolling up the walls and tying them in position.

Presently he stood up, surveyed his work with apparent satisfaction and, turning, ran back towards the wood. Through the open flaps they could see that Trevor's belongings were still scattered about the groundsheet.

"He might have d-done the whole job while he was about it," remarked Berny.

Pip shrugged his shoulders. "What can I do? Accuse him of taking the map and he'll just deny it - his word against yours and you haven't any proof. Best thing is to thank our stars that we've got the map back and make sure that he doesn't get hold of it again."

He folded it carefully and pushed it into his shirt pocket, fastening the button.

Mac nodded. "Guess you're right, but if friend Carl crosses me any time in the future he'd better look out! About an hour ago I was going to do a spot of fishing. Like to come, Berny?"

But neither Berny nor Pip had a fancy for accompanying Mac to the river. Both of them knew from bitter experience what would lie in store. There would be a long, dull wait on the bank, with Mac shushing them every time they moved or attempted to speak, and the float gliding idly on the water's surface with never a bite to make it bob.

Pip shouted after him as he walked towards the fence, his rod on his shoulder. "We'll be breaking camp at midday and we'll need a snack before we go. Don't you keep us waiting?"

"I won't be more than an hour," Mac shouted. "Wrong time of day for proper sport, but you never know. Be seeing you."

He skirted one end of the wood and came to a muddy path which led, behind him, to the farm. Where it reached the bank the river was wide and shallow, crossed by great, flat stepping stones. Mac went over, leaping from stone to stone, followed the river downstream for a hundred yards and chose a place where the sedge grass thinned and there was a quiet pool of, water in the bend of the bank. He took up his position away from the gnarled willows which leaned over the river, shadowing the surface, fitted his rod together, attached the gut to the line with a fisherman's knot and added the small, barbed hook, baiting it with a moist ball composed of flour-dough and cheese. He scattered crumbs before he cast, then squatted on his heels, watching the crimson top of the float as the current moved it slowly downstream.

But there was no sport today. Once the float bobbed and the bait was taken, and that was all.

The sun was well up now and it was warm and pleasant and there was much to see. A brilliant blue and chestnut kingfisher flashed past him, alighting for a fleeting moment on a willow root, then shot away. Dab chicks paddled past him, hugging the farther bank, and there was a sedate little moorhen with a family of black, fluffy chicks which swam in and out of the reeds calling *fullack-fullack-fullack*. Once the water stirred close to where he was sitting and a brown, whiskered nose appeared in a widening circle of ripples, but the water vole sensed his presence and dived with a *plop*, hurrying back to the safety of its hole.

It was eleven o'clock when he reeled in his line for the last time and went, empty handed, back towards the camp again. Halfway across the stepping stones he caught sight of a shoal of crimson finned rudd in the clear water upstream and paused to follow their leisurely passage. Suddenly his attention was caught by the sound of running and he looked up to see Carl and Trevor on the farther bank.

He shouted, "Time to go back to camp, you two. We want to be away by twelve."



A kingfisher flashed past him

Trevor stopped, but Carl ran on, springing on to the first of the stepping stones.

"I'm coming across," he shouted and jumped on to the next stone.

Mac said, "You can't while I'm here; you'll have to let me come *first*. Anyway, Pip wants you in camp."

"Pip can wait," Carl answered, taking another leap. "And it's you that'll have to go back; I'm coming on."

Mac remained motionless. "I'm halfway across and I was here first; it's for you to go back."

"Who cares who was here first?" Carl stood grinning at him, separated by three stones. "Give 'way to the better man! You'd better mind."

Mac, conscious of his temper rising inside him, said, "You come on, then. I'm not moving. You just come on."

Carl hesitated, sizing him up, then pursed his lips and sprang forward. The water broke in angry flurries about his feet, gushing between the stones. Mac shifted his rod to his other hand and braced himself. The stone on which he was standing tipped a little and he stepped quickly on to the next one which was bigger and more firm. Carl evidently imagined that he was coming at him and, anxious to keep the initiative, sprang clumsily on to the intervening stone and then, hunching his shoulders, flung himself at him, intent on throwing him off the stone by over-balancing him before he could take up a new stance. But as he came, Mac sidestepped, standing on the very edge of the stone on tiptoe, balancing precariously. He heard the crash of Carl's steel-shod boots, felt the brush of his body against his back, then a cry mingled with a shout of alarm from Trevor. Spray showered about him as Carl went sprawling into the water.

Mac turned round, a grim smile on his lips. This, indeed, was vengeance! Carl was sitting on the river bed, the water lapping past his waist. Mac doubled up, laughing.

"Carl, you're not hurt?" Trevor was coming gingerly across the stones. "Goodness, you're soaking! You might help him, Mac. Oh, Carl, can't you stand up?"

"I'm all right."

Carl rose, brushed green weed off his knees and, avoiding Mac's eye, waded towards the nearest rest stone. "Bother! bother! bother!". He stamped his foot, his teeth chattering.

Mac said, "Cheer up, Carl. Good thing it wasn't any deeper. We'll soon dry your clothes for you."

"I'll dry them myself," retorted Carl, then spun round on Trevor, who had reached the adjoining stone.

"This is all your fault, you stupid idiot! If you hadn't suggested coming back to the river this would never have happened."

Mac said. "Dash it all, it wasn't Trevor's fault that you tried to -"

Carl turned on him savagely. "You mind your own business. And I don't want any of your help, thank you. Stop gaping at me, Trevor; if you don't get me back to camp pretty quick I'll end up with double pneumonia and then you'll be sorry."

He went angrily on to the bank and without a backward glance broke into a jogtrot, making for the woods.

Trevor ran behind him, trying to explain that his sympathies were whole-heartedly on his cousin's side.

Mac remained on the stepping stones until the dripping Carl and his unfortunate companion had disappeared among the trees. It was only then that he missed his fishing rod. As Carl had flung himself past him he must have dropped it without realising it; now it was floating in the river, one end caught in the reeds near the bank from which he had come. He had to take off his shoes and stockings and paddle among the rushes to reach it. The water, disturbed by his feet, rippled towards the rod, shook it free of the reeds and sent it, spinning, towards midstream. Mac jumped forward and grabbed it and at the same instance his eye caught the glint of something white floating beneath a tussock of reeds. It was a folded piece of paper. It must have dropped out of Carl's pocket as he hit the water. Mac picked it up and carried it back to the bank.

Five minutes later he was breathlessly climbing the fence into the paddock. In the corner of the field Trevor was kneeling by the hike tent stuffing his belongings into his rucksack. Flaps and walls had been lowered, so apparently the disconsolate Carl was drying himself within. Pip was standing near the fire and in front of him, on a scaffolding of lashed branches, Carl's shorts had been stretched to dry before the blaze. Berny, having piled the fire with the driest of the fuel, was busily fashioning a second erection of boughs on which to hang Carl's soaking shirt. Pip, seeing Mac, waved, grinning.

"So you pushed Cousin Carl into the river," he greeted him. "He's in a foul temper. You'll have to apologise."

"Do what?" Mac cast a quick glance towards the second tent. "If he told you I pushed him in it's a fib. Besides, I've discovered something. It's top secret and absolutely private, so if you don't mind, we'll go round to the back of our tent before I spill the beans."

Berny looked up, his eyebrows raised.

"You sound jolly mysterious . . ." Mac cut him short. "Come on, before Carl puts in an appearance."

Pip said, "He won't be visible for hours. He's no spare shorts and he's had to borrow Trevor's; you ought to see him - they're ten sizes too small."

But Mac refused to disclose his secret until they were on the far side of the tent, screened from Trevor's view. He took the paper from his pocket and, smoothing it out, handed it to Pip. Berny, looking over Pip's shoulder, said, "W-what's all this? Good heavens, it's the treasure map! Mac, what's the idea?"

"You're wrong, you know." Mac eyed them, frowning. "It's not the treasure map; it's a treasure map. The original is still in Pip's shirt pocket. This one dropped out of Carl's pocket when he fell in the river."

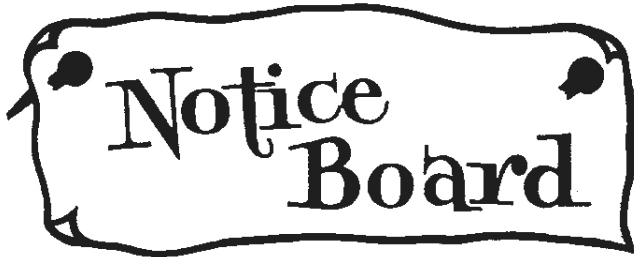
"Carl's pocket?" Pip spoke with amazement. "But it's as like as two peas . . ."

"Of course it is and it explains why Carl put the map back in our tent when he had only had it for a few hours. This is a tracing - an exact copy. He kept our map just long enough to make a copy of it."

"But why?" asked Berny. "Why should he want to make a copy when he had only to ask Pip any time he liked to see the original one?"

"I don't know," Mac answered, "but there's dirty work afoot. Carl's up to something and it smells of treachery."

**Next Week:
FIRE AND WATER**



KINGSDOWN CAMP SITE

Small parties of Senior Scouts under their S.S.L., prepared to carry out a job of work during their camp, would be particularly welcome during this season. Such offers should be addressed to The Bailiff, Kingsdown Scout Camp, Kingsdown, Near Deal, Kent.

NEW TRAINING FILM

"Going to the Hills a new training film on the basic essentials of hillcraft. has been made by Scouters Maurice Dybeck and Peter Halket. The film is full of hints and tips on this type of activity and follows the experiences of three teenagers as they enjoy a mountain walking holiday. Going to the Hills" is 16mm. sound and 585 feet long, its running time is 17 minutes. Copies can be hired for 10s. plus 2s. 6d. for postage - every additional day is charged at 2s. Bookings should be sent to the following address: Explorer Films, 2 East Road, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

It is suggested by Robert Dewar, who did the drawing on John Annandale's photograph, that we should use Instant Twist. We are not told, however, where this mixture may be obtained,



No. 10 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

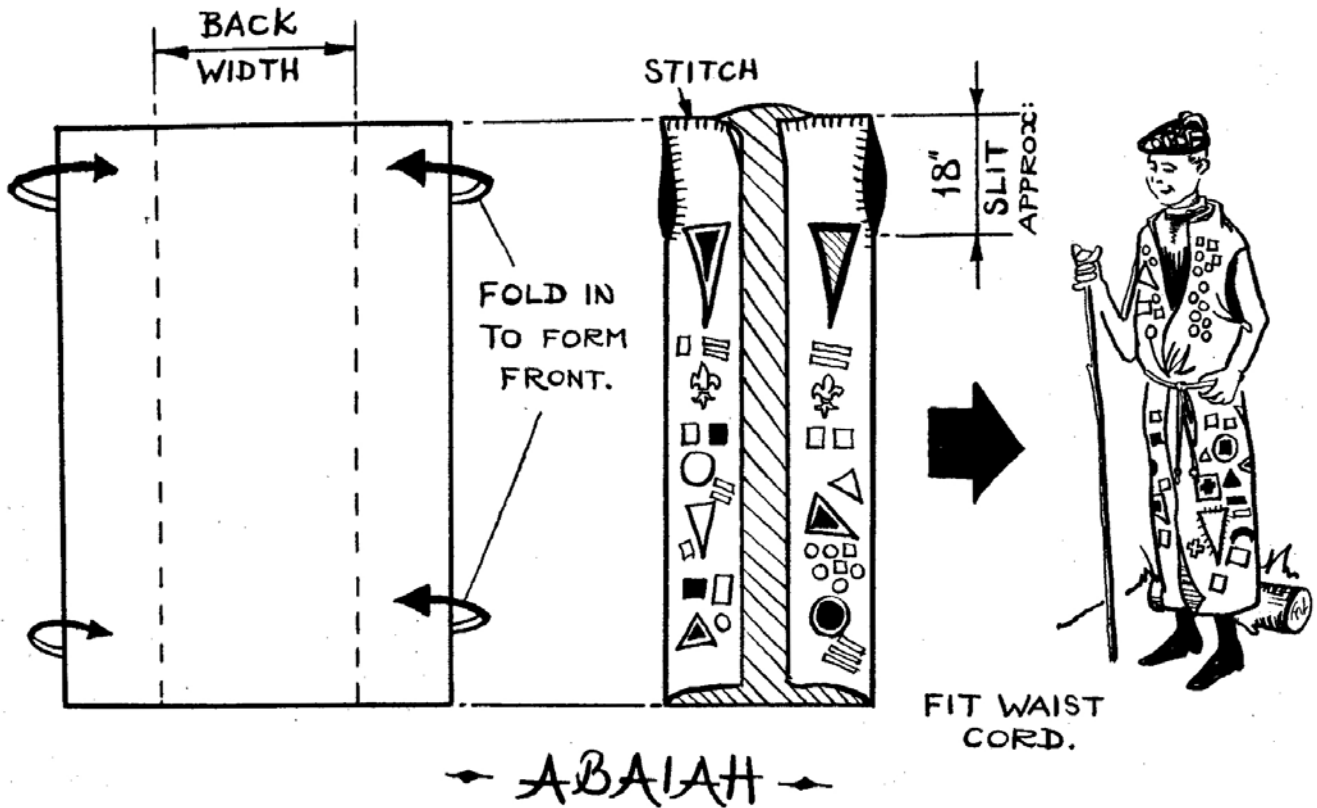
**Butterfly
Biography**

THE SWALLOW-TALL

Where. You must visit the Norfolk Broads to see this butterfly in its native haunts. It is of course unmistakable. as it is our largest butterfly and the bold black pattern on a primrose yellow ground colour makes it very conspicuous. Examine one closely and you will notice the wide blue-black bands on the hind-wings, which end in a red eye-spot at the base. The outer edges are decorated with a chain of large crescent-shaped spots and the small, black pointed tails give the butterfly its name. It has a vigorous, flapping flight but will glide on occasion for quite a distance. It is most difficult to capture in a butterfly net as it flies either on marshy land or over water and it is much better to try and find a few caterpillars and breed the butterfly out in captivity.

When. The Swallow-tail overwinters in the chrysalis stage, attached by a silken girdle in an upright position on a reed stem. No wind or rain or snow can dislodge it, and if no bird discovers it, the butterfly will emerge in the latter part of May or in early June. On hatching the caterpillar is black with a small white saddle on its back and it always eats part of its egg shell before it starts on any green food. After its first moult, minute orange spots appear on its body, but it is not until the third skin casting that it assumes "warning colours", bands of black dotted with orange alternating with green. In this stage no bird will attack it, as the colouring is too reminiscent of stinging insects. The caterpillar also has a second line of defence, in the shape of a forked orange tubercle concealed in the first segment behind the head. This can be protruded when danger threatens and emits a strong, unpleasant smell which scares off any would-be attacker. When it is ready to pupate, the caterpillar crawls some way down the stem of the fennel plant which it has been feeding upon and spins the silk girdle round its middle before finally casting off its skin. The colouring of the chrysalis matches the stem on which it pupates, being green on a young stem and buff, sometimes with darker streaks, on an older, dry stem.





MAKE A CAMP FIRE ROBE

by
RON BRANAGAN

TAKING MY Camp Fire blanket from its chest the other day I realised what a wonderful record it makes of all the many happy camps and Scout gatherings that I have been to; the name tapes from the Troops I have camped with, Jamboree flashes, swops and pennants all serve to remind me of wonderful Scouting days. It takes a long time to get a Camp Fire robe like mine, but if you make one now you will be off to a good start with the many camps ahead this summer. Making the robe is very enjoyable and decorating it even more fun. Illustrated above are just two of the many forms your robe can take, the first one being an "Abayah"; this is an Arabian garment to which you can add the scarf and headband and look a real sheik at the Camp Fire circle. The second is a "Poncho", of Mexican origin, very simple to make and jolly warm to wear, in design rather like the "Poncho" ground sheet or cape worn by so many Scouts.

It's a good idea to make a basic pattern for your robe, a woodcraft sign or your Patrol emblem cut from white cloth and sewn on the back will provide the main design and around this you can mount your swops and flashes, something like the sketches in Fig's 1 & 2.

Every camp that you go to make a point to collect one badge.

If you already have a Camp Fire robe of unusual design why not write in to the Editor and we can tell other Scouts all about your Scouting record.

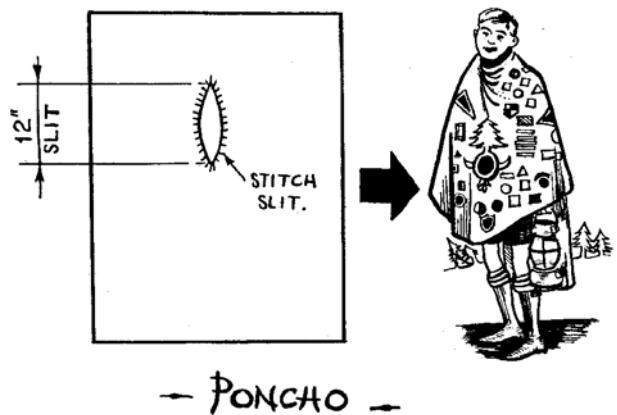


Fig: 1.



Fig: 2.



your first class test in PICTURES



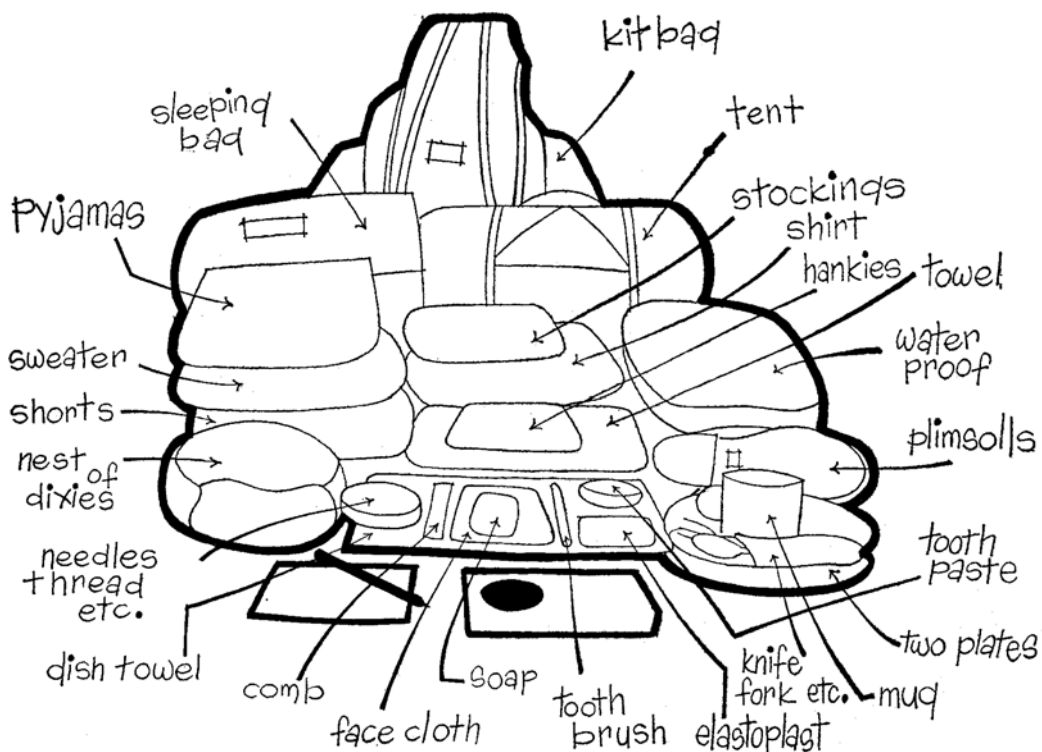
by
JOHN ANNANDALE AND ROBERT DEWAR



TWENTY-THIRD WEEK

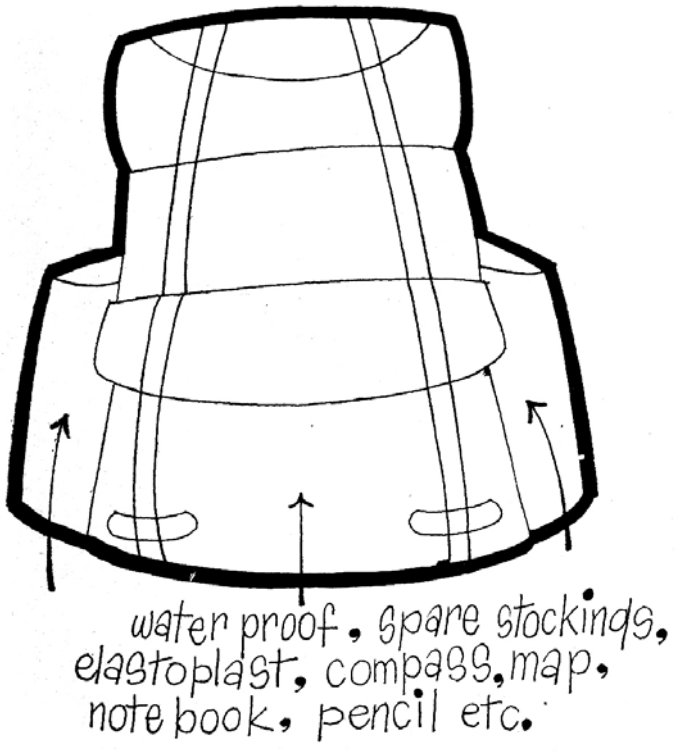
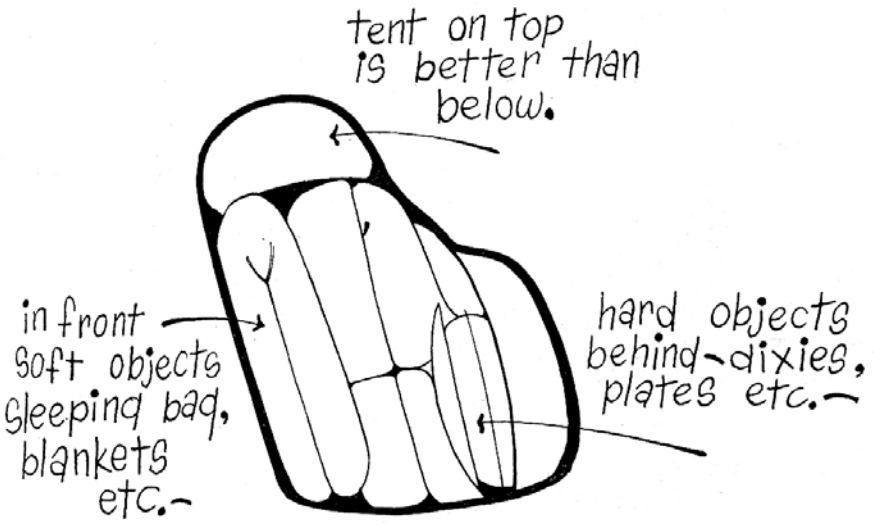
PERSONAL EQUIPMENT FOR CAMP

Although you may think it rather strange to include camping in this series, it has quite a prominent place in your training to become a First Class Scout.. Before you gain the Badge you have to do a journey during which it is necessary that you camp overnight. This test is one which, like the others, requires practice if you are to prove your worth. Below left, you will see a visual check list of the items to pack in your kitbag or rucksac. On the right are some tips on how to pack your personal gear. The packing of this gear is something which you should do yourself and it is quite an easy matter for the experienced camper. So how about getting your gear out and becoming experienced.



NEXT WEEK

CAMP GADGETS





SENIOR SCOUTING DAYS

Descent of Gaping Gill

by

Queen's Scout DAVID WALSH

GAPING GILL has its own fascination for the pot-holer, for this largest of all our underground caves stirs the imagination by its size and depth, with the same awe and wonder that I feel when reading about Alph, the sacred river, that ran

“Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea.”

The first descent of this fearsome crater was made by the French explorer. E. A. Martel, in 1895, who negotiated the main 360 ft. pitch by rope ladder. This must have been a most daring feat, and extremely strenuous. Today, it has become almost too simple to descend into the depths, for at certain times of the year the Bradford Pot-hole Club erects a boson's chair lift powered by a motorised winch which shoots you down into the main cavern in about 30 seconds.

It was Whit Sunday when our party of four set off very early to cross Yorkshire to the Pennine uplands around Ingleborough. Wensleydale was very beautiful as we passed quickly from Leyburn to Hawes. Spots of sunshine shone on the limestone scars. We climbed out of the valley to Ribbleshead, through Chapel-le-dale and so to the quiet and beautiful village of Clapham. Here we parked the car, changed into boots and boiler-suits, saw to helmets and lights and then set off through the beech woods of a small valley that led us eventually to the moorlands below Ingleborough. Following the path we finally looked down on the scene around Gaping Hill.

Over the actual pot a gantry had been erected, and the chair suspended over the dark abyss looked very exciting. Groups of pot-holers were everywhere, and along the sides of Fell Beck there was an encampment of tents. It was a surprise to come on such a lively scene after the quiet walk through the woods and across the empty moors.

Having put our names down on a list, we sat about and sunbathed in this sheltered dip in the moorland until the time for our descent arrived. It was quite different from watching others strapped into the chair when suddenly it struck you that your turn was next.

I fidgeted on the gantry, adjusted my helmet. Then the chair appeared out of the blackness, the board underneath the chair was slammed back and someone was unfastened. “Next victim, please”, I walked forward, sat in the chair, eased myself whilst the safety-belt was tightened. Somehow it felt to me like an execution. Then the board was pulled from under my feet and, for a moment, I was suspended motionless. The word to descend was given and the chair began to move quite slowly at first downwards. At first your knees graze along the rock wall for the shaft at this place is like an inverted funnel. I eased myself off the side with a grating of boot. Then, about 20 feet down the shaft opens out and the walls fall away from you into dark space. Suddenly the speed of movement seems to quicken considerably. I began to feel a spinning sensation. I closed my eyes for a second and felt better. I realised I must be in the great cavern. The chair suddenly seemed held. The brake was on. A hand fumbled out of the darkness with the strap around my waist. It seemed only an instant before I was standing again, talking to friends I could not see.

Slowly my eyes grew accustomed to the light, for there is light in the main chamber coming down from far away, following the way I had come. I looked up and could see the silhouette of the chair rapidly being pulled up again. Gradually the darkness around began to take shape. There were the dim outlines of walls going up into the darkness of the roof. I began to feel the immensity of the cave, into which waterfalls poured from great heights. Looking back up to the daylight was like looking up through an aquarium for the waterfall that tumbles most of the 360 feet seems to disperse into a fine mist on its downward journey, and the air is thick with water-vapour and the noise of tumbling torrents.

For a while we investigated the passages that lead off the main chamber. Towards Mud Cavern there were beautiful formations of white stalagmites.

In the main cavern again we waited a long while looking at the tumbling waterfalls and the distant lights of pot-holers' helmets like lines of candles held by subterranean choir-boys. Eventually at eight in the evening I was strapped into the boson's chair and the journey upward began. This was more thrilling than the descent for there was plenty of time to wonder what would happen if the steel cable broke. So far up I passed through a small waterfall and water splashed over my helmet and shoulders. I left my headlamp on so as to see better the details of the funnel up which I travelled. Soon the journey back to the summer evening at the top was completed. I was unstrapped, and once more stood looking at the limestone moorland.

First walk and then run

I EXPECT YOU HAVE all heard of the expression which suggests that a person is trying to run before they have learned to walk. Has it ever occurred to you that there are Scouts like that and, terrible thing to say, probably some Patrol Leaders. Of course we all agree it is foolish to run before you can walk and it is just as foolish not to run once you have learned to walk - and there are some Scouts like that too. I can hear you asking why not stop talking in riddles, so I will give some examples of what I mean.

First the Scouts who want to run before they can walk. A popular example would be the chap who likes good food at camp and yet is not prepared to learn how to light a fire and cook some simple food over it. He has an extraordinary belief that fire lighting and cooking are just Second Class tests which are there to pass and forget at the first possible opportunity.

Another example of this type, is the Scout who enjoys camp and also likes to have a jolly good sleep tonight, but it has never struck him that it might be a good wheeze to learn how to make a bed in camp so that it does not come apart at about three in the morning.

Lastly you must have met the Scout who continually wants to build bridges, aerial runways and the like but cannot see the slightest use in tying the simple knots which you Patrol Leaders know are vital if the project is to be of any use at all. Well, enough of the "runners" who cannot walk; let us have a look at the chap who, having learned to walk, shows no inclination to do any running.

Do you know the Scout I mean? A good example is the Scout who, having learned how to use a map and compass, never goes out on an expedition when he can use his knowledge. Not for him the fun of going through unknown country finding his route with a good map and reliable compass. A second example is the chap who, having sweated blood over Kim's Game and the recognition of trees and birds, does not then go out into the country and use his powers of observation that must have been improved by passing those not very difficult tests. Lastly in this section is the Scout who, having succeeded in swimming the 50 yards for his First Class test, does not then try to improve still further to become a life-saver and so give his promise - "to help other people at all times" - some real meaning.

Why does this state of affairs exist? Who is at fault? Have a look at yourself and see whether you are not in fact largely to blame.

Knowing your map and compass work do YOU take your Patrol out without showing how important it is for *them* to know how to use a map and compass AS WELL AS you?

Or are you even worse in that you make your chaps work jolly hard learning all about Ordnance Survey maps and compasses and then provide no chance of their using this knowledge and what is more enjoy using it?

Well that must end the lecture but P.L.'s please do see that your Scouts know their basic stuff and then give them every chance of putting their knowledge to the test. Make sure they can walk by all means but also make sure they then get a chance to run!

* * * *

There are two campaigns taking place this year which should be of special interest to you. They are both very much connected with public service and Scouts are well equipped to be of real use.

The first will be taking place during the whole of the Summer. It is a campaign against fires in the countryside.

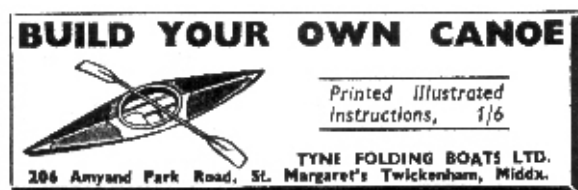
Every year the fires in the country cause many pounds worth of damage and also leave black scars across the face of the land. Most of these could be prevented by a few moments thought and no Scout worth his salt could be guilty of Starting one. When you are at camp do make sure that you cooking fire is always out when you are not using it and this is specially impr-

tant if you are camping on a peat soil. After that Camp Fire make absolutely certain that the fire is out and will not flare up in the night and possibly cause untold damage - perhaps to the crops of the farmer on whose land you are camping.

Make sure that your Patrol have their Firefighter Badge. The new conditions have been revised after consultation with the Inspector of Fire Services for our country and so will see that he considers the knowledge of how to prevent and then how, to fight a fire a matter of real importance for Scouts.

The second campaign will take place in September. That is a long time ahead but you will want to be among the people pushing the campaign and not one of the many at whom it is directed. It will aim to make everyone realise how important it is that in every home in our land there is at least one person who knows First Aid. Many people, particularly the very young and the elderly, have very serious accidents in the home. A large number of these could have had less serious consequences if only somebody had known what to do. This is right up our street and if your

Troop is asked by the local St. John Ambulance Brigade or British Red Cross Unit to lend a hand at public demonstrations I am sure that you will be only too willing to help. After all this is one of those opportunities for those who have learned to walk to get some running practice in for the day when it may be necessary to be able to sprint!



THE DIARY OF A P.L.(S)

MALLORY PATROL

Thursday

Troop Night. The first half of the evening was devoted to motorbikes. A friend of Johnny's who is a garage mechanic and something of a specialist on the subject came along to talk to us. He explained how a motorbike works, how to keep it in good repair, and so on. This was followed by a practical demonstration.

After this we had a firelighting contest on the waste ground at the back of the H.Q. We stretched a length of sisal about a foot above the ground, and working in pairs from a signal given by Brian, had to lay and light a fire with one match sufficiently large enough to burn the sisal. It was a race of course, and you have to decide whether to light a small fire quickly and build it up, or to spend your time making a fairly large fire and light it at the last moment. Dizzy and Cohn were the first to burn through the line.

At Whitsun we're planning to hike along part of the County Boundary.

This is some crazy idea of Dizzy's.

The whole boundary is more than 100 miles, but Dizzy reckons that we could cover half of it over Whitsun, and finish it off later in the year.

Next week-end Andy and Johnny are going on the District Venturer Course at Holly Grove.

This time it's being run entirely by the District Rover Crew.

Sunday

Andy called in on the way back from the Venturer Course. He and Johnny both did well and thoroughly enjoyed it. On Saturday they had their Incident Journey - a circular course of incidents such as crossing a river, getting over an electric fence (this was a real electric fence, it seems!), and rescuing an injured boy from the top of a tree.

This was followed after supper by a Camp Fire, when every team had to put over an item. Then came the Night Operation - a stalking game over the Heath at the back of the Camp Site.

This morning after Scouts' Own, individuals were tested for Part Three of the Badge by climbing a tree, vaulting a fence, throwing a line, and so on.

Thursday

Troop Night. This week Brian had arranged a night stunt. We were given a cryptic message that indicated that an aircraft flying on a certain compass bearing from Slyfield Airport had been reported missing.

While we were working out the bearing from the map we were given another message to the effect that the plane had apparently crashed 7 miles from the airport. We were to investigate and do the necessary.

We pm-pointed the exact spot - about a mile away - and made our way there as quickly as we could.

The spot turned out to be the cross-roads near Smithbury Common and when we got there we found a chap, presumably the "pilot", lying unconscious at the foot of a tree. We treated him for a broken leg and collar-bone and 'phoned for an imaginary doctor. Afterwards he revealed himself to be one of Brian's partners-in-crime from the Casualties Union. In fact, I remember he posed as a victim for us once before when Brian staged an accident in the road outside the H.Q. some months ago. What will he think up next?

Saturday

Patrol Good Turn - moving a garden shed from the back of one house in Sherborne Road to Mr. Walker's place next-door to Brian's. A neighbour had offered it to him for nothing provided he came and collected it himself!

We had to partially dismantle it and rebuild it again in the proper place.

Hard work, but a Good Turn all the same. Afterwards Mr. Walker asked us all in for tea and showed us his collection of fossils which interested Andy, who's keen on that sort of thing.

Dave Norrington.
P.L.(S)

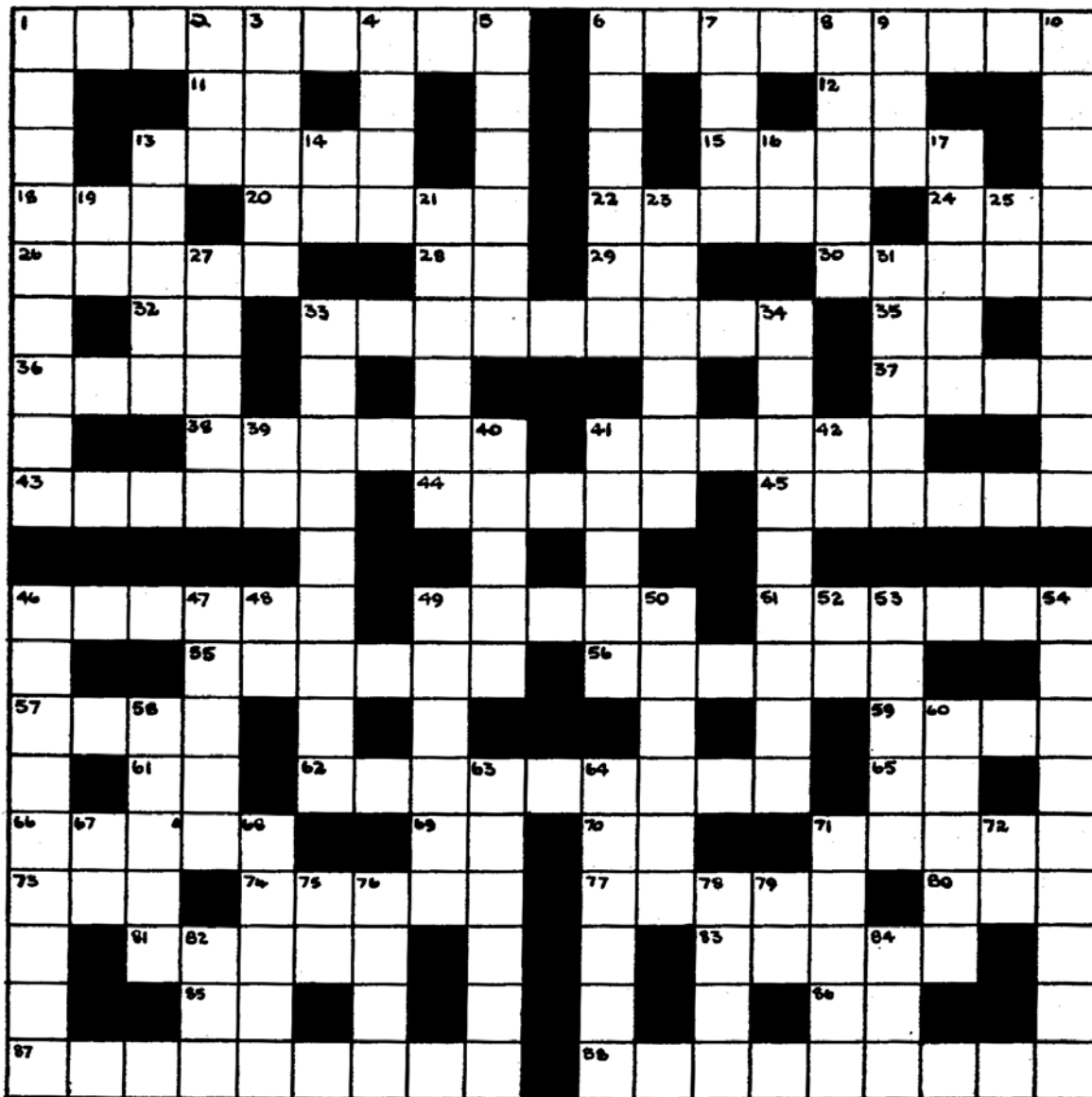
A GIANT CROSSWORD

BY DAVID HARWOOD

ACROSS

1. The prefix before with a lazy walk leads to deer-like animals. (9)
6. Are you angry with what you're doing now? (9)
11. What you would be in old English. (2)
12. Without a boy, ladle is masculine in French. (2)
13. You'll find them where bits of cloth are joined, it seems. (5)
15. In high spirits. (5)
18. "— before beauty." (3)
20. It takes more than one to make a flower. (5)
22. Scottish Isle. (5)
24. You can cook with it. (3)
26. Lists, but not like a ship. (5)
28. "To —. (2)
29. . . . or not — be." (Hamlet) (2)
30. Fruit pies come from a mixed up start. (5)
32. Not off! (2)
33. Broken prose is only part of probable developments. (9)
35. It certainly isn't you! (2)
36. A pungent taste or smell from Great Britain. (4)
37. A school with tone. (4)
38. Every cloud has a silver one. (6)
41. It is usually delivered from a pulpit. (6)

43. Used for pointing walls. (6)
44. No longer 9 down. (5)
45. "One man — — dog." (3, 3).
46. Picturesque cave. (5)
49. Meat sticks in splinters. (5)
51. "— — cry." (3, 3)
55. Wakes up. (6)
56. It takes more than chicken runs for reporters to dig these out. (6)
57. Tree like a lemon. (4)
59. Type of paper from the desert? (4)
61. See 32 across. (2)
62. Root out an historical period first. (9)
65. A before a silent "H". (2)
66. More than rude, but it means the same. (5)
69. See 35 across. (2)
70. There's only one way out of the bottom. (2)
71. Member of a Greek set of philosophers. (5)
73. The winner of the mile did this ! (3)
74. They swivel in the wind. (5)
77. The first D.G. of the B.B.C.! (5)
80. The insect from 1 down. (3)
81. Melody. (5)
83. Sea Scouts need them! (5)
85. Unit of width in printing. (2)
86. Abbreviation, for instance. (2)
87. She was burnt at the stake. (5, 4)
88. Sixteen (3, 3, 3)



DOWN

1. Region round a pole. (9)
- 2.. Pirates cover it with a patch. (3)
3. Jumps. (5)
4. A nuisance from Budapest. (4)
5. Fishy measures. (6)
6. He might deliver 41 across! (6)
7. Six balls and it's finished. (4)
8. One point of view between horizontal and vertical. (5)
9. Not dry. (3)
10. Put on clothes and perform musically in a first aid kit! (9)
13. Attack. (3, 2)
14. See 69 across. (2)
16. Lady 12 across. (2)
17. Lesser White Heron with some regrets. (5)
19. Instruction from the lowest traffic light. (2)
21. Be rich. (6)
23. Swayed from side to side with a boulder. (6)
25. In. (2)
27. Fish where two straight lines meet. (5)
31. Correct using a needle and cotton? (5)
33. Sloping roof supported against the wall of a building. (9)
34. Alternative to dots and dashes. (9)
39. He's not out! (2)
40. Clutches those weekend bags. (5)
41. Trousers, theatres and cinemas all have them. (5)
42. See 32 across. (2)
46. A thin layer of gold going over to a Scout award. (4, 5)
47. Direction of events towards the finish. (5)
48. See 29 across. (2)
49. "Open —", said the robber. (6)
50. If you're broke you'll have to do this to the barrel. (6)
52. See 70 across (2)
53. Literary exposition. (5)
54. Sherlock Holmes would have made one, and taken it away, perhaps. (9)
58. Diminished mountain. (5)
60. Parts of a rupee. (5)
63. Make your mark finally and formulate a plan. (6)
64. Never straight lines. (6)
67. There's a shortened army unit in France. (2)
68. Occurrence. (5)
71. Protection from the mail for a type of letter. (5)
72. See 39 down. (2)
75. He is, but I —. (2)
76. A Roman emperor. (4)
78. Wild goat of the Alps. (4)
79. See 48 down. (2)
82. Grown up chick. (3)
84. A chap who's half parted! (3)

(SOLUTION NEXT WEEK)

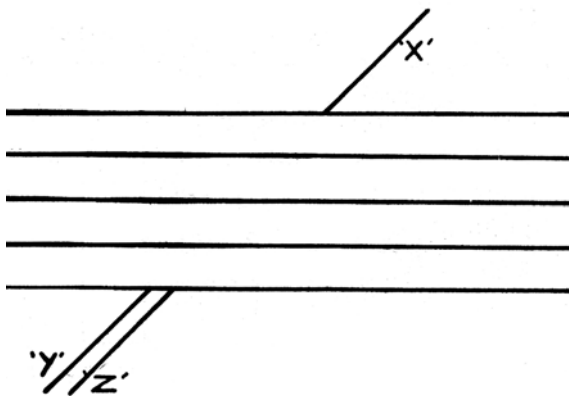


OPTICAL ILLUSIONS



ARCHIE IS PERHAPS the brightest Wolf Cub I have ever met and he loves to catch me out, but I tried him on some optical illusions and that chased the grin from his face.

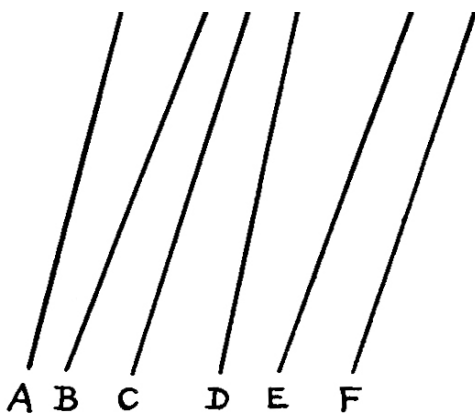
"What's an optical illusion, Sambang?" he asked. I tried to explain, and finished up by telling Archie that you can't always believe what you see with your eyes. He didn't believe me, but I proved my point with the following diagrams.



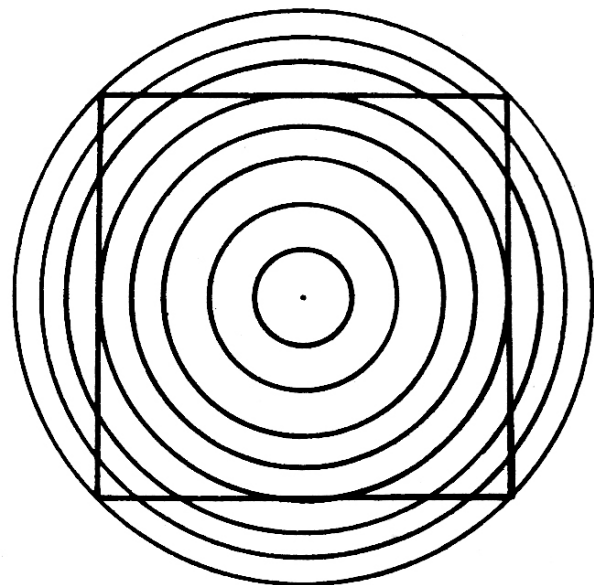
Are you smarter than Archie? Which is the continuous line in this picture - XY or XZ? You'll be surprised when you try and join them up. Archie thought it should have been XZ - he was mad when he found out that he was wrong.

I then showed Archie the following straight lines and asked him if he could tell me which two were parallel. There are only two. Archie chose the wrong two and was quite sure he was right until I got out the ruler and proved that he was wrong. See if you can guess right first time.

Is the Square inside the circles really a Square, Archie?" I asked. By this time poor Archie's eyes were crossing and re-crossing and he let out a little cry:



"Oh, Sambang, my eyes are going round and round. or else the circles are going round and round. I give up - please tell me!"



I didn't tell him, and I'm not going to tell you if the Square is really Square, but if your eyes are playing tricks on you, then take a ruler and find out for yourself.

Oh, by the way, don't forget that sometimes things are not what they appear to be!

BOOKS

"Books are a man's best friend." Do you know who said that? It was none other than Our Founder, B.-P. Do you like reading? I always feel very sorry for a boy who doesn't enjoy reading, because I feel that he. is missing so much fun and excitement. There are hundreds of very wonderful books for you to read. You can't possibly own them all, but do make use of the nearest Public Library and find what they have for boys.. It can be very exciting making regular weekly visits to the library and you'll find yourself becoming "Smarter than the average Cub" - perhaps even smarter than the average Yogi Bear!!

Why not make a special effort to get your "Book Reader" Badge this year. Here are the names of three books to start you off, and I know you will enjoy reading them all.

- (1) "The Magic Walking Stick" by John Buchan.
- (2) "Rip Van Winkle" by Washington Irving.
- (3) "The Wind in the Willows" by Kenneth Grahame.

MERLIN'S CAVE

by *J. Stranger*

FOR NEW READERS: Martin Carey takes his father's falcon Merlin to show his friend Nick. While he is feeding the bird, Tony Lindale, the son of a well-known falconer, appears and tells the boys his father has fallen down a pot hole. A shot in the wood causes Merlin to take flight. Very upset Martin leads Tony to his home to fetch help for Mr. Lindale. Leaving Nick to take Tony to Mrs. Carey, Martin retraces his footsteps in the hope of finding his father's falcon. Realising he is lost and with darkness descending. Martin enters a cave which he decides to explore. After crossing a narrow stone bridge, Martin discovers Mr. Lindale who is injured. While giving first-aid treatment, Martin learns that the underground passage connects with the pothole down which Mr. Lindale had fallen. The two decide to wait until the morning before making an attempt to contact the rescuers. At daybreak Martin makes his way to the pothole where he decides to wait for the arrival of the searchers.

CHAPTER FIVE Search and Rescue

Martin did not despair for long. He was normally a cheerful boy, and he began to think about the situation as a good Cub should. What would Akela have said? Be resourceful, and self-sufficient. First, he needed to get warm.

The ground was damp for sitting and he was extremely cold. He began to swing his arms, but that made his wrist bleed, so he bandaged it more tightly, and then began to jump up and down. That was better, and soon he began to feel moderately warm, although very out of breath.

He went through his pockets. A bar of peppermint cream, he'd forgotten about that, and ate it gratefully. And then again there was nothing to do. He pulled out a piece of string and practiced knots. He shouted, but only the echoes answered him. He recited his tables, and watched the opening above him.

Suddenly there was a wild whir of wings. A small animal plummeted suddenly through the opening, and Martin cowered as a great bird swooped on it. Then he stared in surprise. The animal was a small hare, which being chased, had been so terrified that it had leaped straight into the pitfall at its feet. It lay on its back now, broken and dead, and above it stood a falcon.

A falcon on his kill. He would be fierce and unapproachable and he waited for him to reach out tearing talons and start his meal. But to Martin's surprise the bird waited, and then turned, his enormous eyes staring directly at the Cub. He moved a foot, and there was a faint tinkling. He was belled. Martin stared and then cried out, "Merlin!"

The bird left the kill and flew towards him, settling on his wrist. Martin had no glove and the talons were painful, but he took care not to show fear.

The bird waited, obviously glad to be with him again. He had been tame for so long, and Martin sighed with relief. The bird had no thought of flying free. Even with his kill, he waited for a word from his owners.

Martin fetched the hare, and allowed the bird to settle on it, turning his back, because he did not like to see it feeding from an animal that had been so recently killed.

He fastened his belt to the bird, so that it could not fly off, and settled down to wait again.



Martin was hoisted out of the hole

The bats were flying in. How quickly they moved. It was difficult to follow the beating wings as they darted about, looking for roosting places, and Martin was fascinated by the way they settled themselves, hanging by their claws from the roof in masses.

Soon he was fascinated, and when they came close could look with interest at the tiny squirrel like heads and little delicate ears, and the clawed thumb that projected from the inside of each wing.

It was odd to see how naked the wings looked, stretched and wrinkled and leathery, and to see the body covered with fur and not feathers. Odd to think they weren't birds at all, but some kind of flying mice, and fed their babies with milk.

He sighed. The bird finished feeding and came and settled on his wrist. This time Martin had bound it with all the handkerchiefs he found in his pockets, and underneath had put a notebook that he happened to have, in which to note down the sites of birds' nests and the kinds of birds that had made them.

Martin started into attention, as the bird settled and then looked eagerly upwards as the bird moved its head, obviously hearing sounds. He thought he heard footsteps, and suddenly, a shaggy head looked down at him and a dog barked excitedly. He knew the dog. It was Terror, the sheepdog belonging to the gamekeeper.

A moment later and the gamekeeper himself was looking down at him.

"How in the world did you get there?" he asked. "We were looking for Mr. Lindale, and when we saw the hole empty thought he must have got out. That hole leads nowhere."

"It leads into the cliff and out on the other side," Martin said. "Mr. Lindale came through into the cave in the middle of the cliff and then he fell and broke his ankle. I got there from the other side."

The gamekeeper scratched his head.

"That's a funny thing. I thought I knew all the caves around here. Must be a very small entrance from that hole," Martin looked across at it.

"I think there's been a fall of something and the opening's fairly new," he said at last.

"Ah that accounts for it. Look, son I'll drop you some food and go and get help. They'll have to ring for a stretcher and ambulance. Is there room for a stretcher party?"

"I don't know," Martin said doubtfully. "I came along in the dark."

"Have to see. I won't be long, and I'll leave old Terror for company."

"I've got the falcon too," Martin said.

"Splendid," said the keeper. "Your Dad couldn't think how it had got out. They've been looking for you all over on the other side. Quite a night we had."

Martin felt his cheeks go hot with shame. He suddenly realised how worried his parents must have been, and he looked up miserably.

To his surprise he saw a thermos flask coming towards him, in a small basket dangling on the end of a rope. He grabbed it, and found a flask of coffee and a pile of sandwiches. He released the rope, and the keeper drew it back.

"Don't you move from there," he said. "The others aren't far and we'll be back in a few minutes."

Martin did not mind being left now he knew help was coming. The bird slept, and he found the coffee and sandwiches very good indeed. He had never felt so hungry in his life. Whenever he looked up he saw the dog watching him, its tongue hanging out. Once or twice it barked, as if to re-assure the Cub that all was well, and as the sun grew brilliant beyond the hole, Martin felt his spirits rising.

It seemed no time at all before they were back, and three big policemen and the keeper were lowered into the hole. They had powerful lights, and the way back to the big cave was easy with so much illumination.

Mr. Lindale was thankful to see them, and was soon placed on the stretcher, but his falcon insisted on keeping him company, and Martin thought how odd they must look for he himself was carrying Merlin, and Sultan perched regally on his master's wrist and was carried on the stretcher.

Martin was fastened to a rope, and hoisted out of the hole.

He did not like swinging in mid-air, but he was so glad to be outside in the sunlight that he soon forgot about that particular misery.

He watched as the stretcher was hoisted carefully, and then followed the little procession down the track to the road, where his father and Tony Lindale stood beside the ambulance.

His father was about to speak when Mr. Lindale smiled at him.

"I'm glad Martin got lost," he said. "I might never have been found at all without him as everyone tells me they thought the pothole was blind."

After that there was nothing that anyone could say, and Martin settled thankfully into his father's car, while Merlin perched on the back of the front seat.

"Tony and Sultan are staying with us till his father is better," Martin's father said. But Martin didn't hear him. He was sound asleep.

THE END



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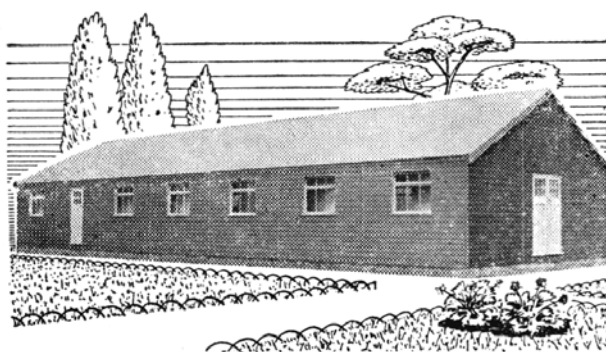
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